

Herod's, greater than Caesar's.

Shall we be among the loyal subjects of the new-born King? If like the Three Wise Men we offer Him the gold of our adoration, the frankincense of our prayer, the myrrh of our mortification, He will accept our gifts. If like the shepherds our hearts are simple and innocent, He will welcome us. If like Mary and Joseph we share His love of detachment and poverty, of humility and of suffering, we will be very dear to His Heart. If during Advent we have prepared the way and made straight His paths, then Christmas morn will dawn brightly for us and we will hasten with joy to adore the new-born King, and He will be also our King.

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## How Bishop Wadhams Forgot Himself on One Occasion.

**Bishop** Wadhams was engaged one afternoon in giving confirmation to a class of children, with some adults, at a settlement in the Adirondacks once called Rogerville, and now Lyon Mountain. Just as he was about to begin the ceremony, he saw to his great surprise, sitting on one of the benches before him, a sister of his whom he had not seen for many years.

"Why," he said, "is that you?" Overjoyed at the sight, and quite forgetful of all other surroundings, he stepped forth from the sanctuary into the aisle, all vested as he was, and with his mitre on, and throwing his arms about her, saluted her with a hearty kiss. It then broke upon his mind that he had done something unusual.

"Don't be scandalized," he said to the congregation, "it's my sister! My own, dear old sister! She has come all the way from California! I haven't seen her for many years." And the congregation were not at all scandalized. Simple hearted as they were and all unartificial, they were more edified by